Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy. (breast,

Boy. Why doo you wring your hands, and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappie sonne?

Gerl. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loath to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daylie praiers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when hee tolde me so, hee wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke what noise is this? *Enter the*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe? *Queen.*
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence. Ed-

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our
Why grow the branches, now the
Why wither not the leaues, the sa
If you will liue, lament: if die, be
That our swift winged soules, ma
Or like obedient subiects, follow
To his new kingdome of perpetu

Dut. Ah so much interest hau
As I had title in thy noble husban
I haue bewept a worthy husbands
And liu'd by looking on his ima
But now two mirrors of his Prin
Are cracke in peeces by malignan
And I for comfort haue but one
Which greeues me when I see m
Thou art a widowe, yet thou art
And hast the comfort of thy chil
But death hath snatcht my childr
And pluckt two crutches from m
Edward and Clarence, Oh what
Then, being but moity of my gri
To ouergo thy plants and drow

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept no
How can we aid you with our ki

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse
Your widowes dolours likewise

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lame
I am not barren to bring forth la
tings reduce their current
That I being gouernd by the w
May send foorth plenteous tear
Oh for my husband, for my eyr

Ambo. Oh for our father, for

Dut. Alas for both, both mi

Qu. What stay had I but Ed

Am. What stay had we but

Dut. What staies had I but t

Qu. Was neuer widow, had